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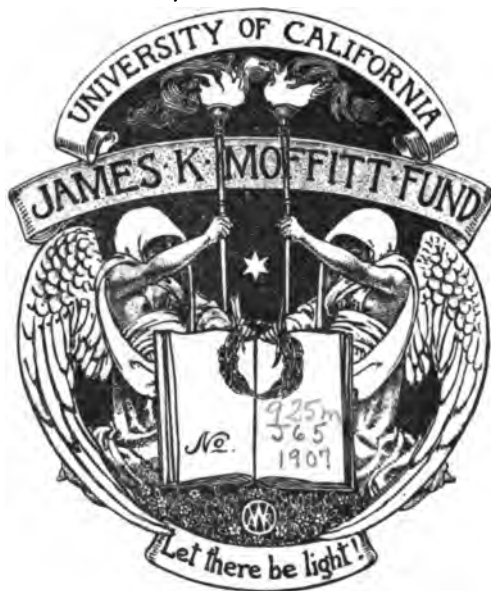
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CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.  
AT THE CHISWICK  
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*John the Evangelist*

# THE INTERLUDE OF JOHAN THE EVANGELIST



THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1907

This reprint of *Johan the Evangelist* has been prepared  
by the General Editor and checked by Arundell Esdaile.

*Dec. 1906.*

W. W. Greg.



THE entry 'Iohn Evangelist. I[nterlude].' is found in the list of plays appended to the edition of the *Old Law* printed for Edward Archer in 1656, and the same title, without the description, appears in Kirkman's lists of 1661 and 1671. Langbaine in 1691 also gives the title, adding: 'a Piece which I never saw.' Gildon, however, in his revision of the latter in 1699 remarks: 'The Title page of this also shews the Subject Divine,' an allusion to the woodcut on the first page which proves that he must have had a copy in his hands. The title is repeated without further information by subsequent writers down to Chetwood, who published his *British Theatre* anonymously in 1750. Here, under the heading 'Plays Wrote by Anonymous Authors in the 15th [should be 16th] Century,' we find the entry '*Johanne* the Evangeliste, an Interlude, 1566.' There is, however, no reason to suppose that the entry is based on any independent authority, or that the date given is more than a guess. Chetwood added dates to most plays, and they are in many instances manifestly fictitious. His entry of the present piece was copied in all subsequent lists (D. E. Baker in 1764 adding '4to') down to Halliwell; Hazlitt omitted it. It may be confidently assumed that no bibliographer since Gildon had set eyes on the play.

In the spring of 1906 the discovery was made in a library in Ireland of a volume of early plays, among which was the interlude of *Johan the Evangelist*. The plays were sold at Sotheby's on 30 June, when the present piece fell to the British Museum for the sum of one hundred and two pounds. Its press mark is C. 34. i. 20.

The play is in quarto, undated, but bearing in the colophon the name of John Waley. This printer was engaged in active

business from 1546 to 1586. The catalogue of the British Museum assigns the edition to c. 1565 on general grounds of typographical style, but the fact that, contrary to his action in the case of *Youth and Wealth and Health*, Waley does not appear to have entered the piece on the Stationers' Register, may suggest a date before July 1557. It is not improbable that parts at least of the play were written at a considerably earlier period.

There is, indeed, evidence that an earlier edition, if not an earlier version, existed, for on 8 Nov. 1520 an Oxford bookseller recorded in his accounts the sale of '1 saint jon euuangeliste en trelute 1[d.]' (*Day-Book of John Dorne*, ed. F. Madan, Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885).

The present reprint aims at following the original in all essential respects. It should, however, be said that it has proved impossible in practice to distinguish consistently between 'u' and 'n' in black-letter texts. These have therefore been treated as being in form identical, and have been differentiated in the reprint according to the apparent intention of the author. No authority is claimed for this distinction, and if anyone should desire to read 'indicat' in l. 225, no serious objection need be raised. Appended is a list of such readings in the original (not being matters of punctuation) as appear to be due to errors of the press, including likewise a few typographical irregularities which have been set right in the reprint. The type in which the original is printed is the usual black-letter of the period, of the size known as English (20 ll. = 95 mm.). It may be mentioned that the ornament inscribed 'aue:mar', which appears on the right hand of the title-page, is also found in the Britwell *Everyman* printed by Skot.

# IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4. <b>w̃</b> (the superscript letter<br>is indistinguishable) | 325. <b>brn</b> ( <b>bīn</b> )           |
| 13. <b>raupsthet</b>  | 369. <b>astar</b>                        |
| 74. <b>A rede.</b>  | 384. <b>bane</b> (?)                     |
| 105. <b>fedp̃ng</b> ( <b>leding</b> )                         | 398. <b>coupfell</b> ( <b>countell</b> ) |
| 124. <b>Jes</b> ( <b>Jes</b> )                                | 417. <b>wyfe</b> ;                       |
| 155. <b>affaye</b> (?)  | 430. <b>Jes</b> ( <b>Jes</b> )           |
| 165. <b>Engenio.</b> (?)                                      | 455. <b>sensualp̃e</b>                   |
| 180. <b>loste</b> ( <b>luste</b> ?)                           | 478. <b>kue</b> (?)                      |
| 236. <b>infyrmacyon</b>                                       | 564. <b>stye</b> ( <b>stye</b> ?)        |
| 255. <b>ayp</b> (?)   | 570. <b>perable</b>                      |
| 263. <b>tailed</b> (?)  | 586. <b>dispyted</b>                     |
| 265. <b>respyded</b>  | 600. <b>than</b> ( <b>that</b> )         |
| 268. <b>knane</b> (?)   | 611. <b>tythed</b> ( <b>tythed</b> )     |
| 302. <b>shall</b>   | 624. <b>owe</b> ( <b>lowe</b> ?)         |
| 319. <b>Eugenie.</b>  | 645. <b>worlde</b> ( <b>worse</b> ?)     |
|   | 649. <b>pnblycan</b> (?)                 |

It may also be noted here that in the following words the 'w' belongs to a different fount from that usually employed: 87 **wit̃h**, 233 **wit̃h**, 286 **wpl̃l**, 384 and **thorowe**, 629 **wherfoze**, 649 **was**.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Saint Johan the Evangelist.	Actio.
Eugenio.	Evil Counsel.
Irisdision.	Idleness.

It is not clear whether l. 1 is intended as a speaker's name or as a head-title, but it seemed best to include it in the numbering. The probability is that the first speech belongs to Irisdision.



Here begynneth the  
enterlude of Johan  
the Euangelyst.





**of Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.**



Domine amo te omne desiderium meum

Et genitus meus non est absconditus

The sweetest life souerayn in this world is som

As to haue meditacyon of our lord Iesus

Very contemplatue god / worshypped thus

Wethyng in the soule / without any speche

God sendeth ryght more the prayer both the hert of vs

Than the prayer of the mouth / the tepte dothe teche

In medytacyon who so hath foxence

The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte

That holyest fruytyon is of so hye intelligence

Thus if ye wyll be Redolent and trewe

Iesu wyll than with his grace you reuewe

To that lordes blyss ye shall come all a

Qui uiuit per infinita seculorum secula.

Amen.



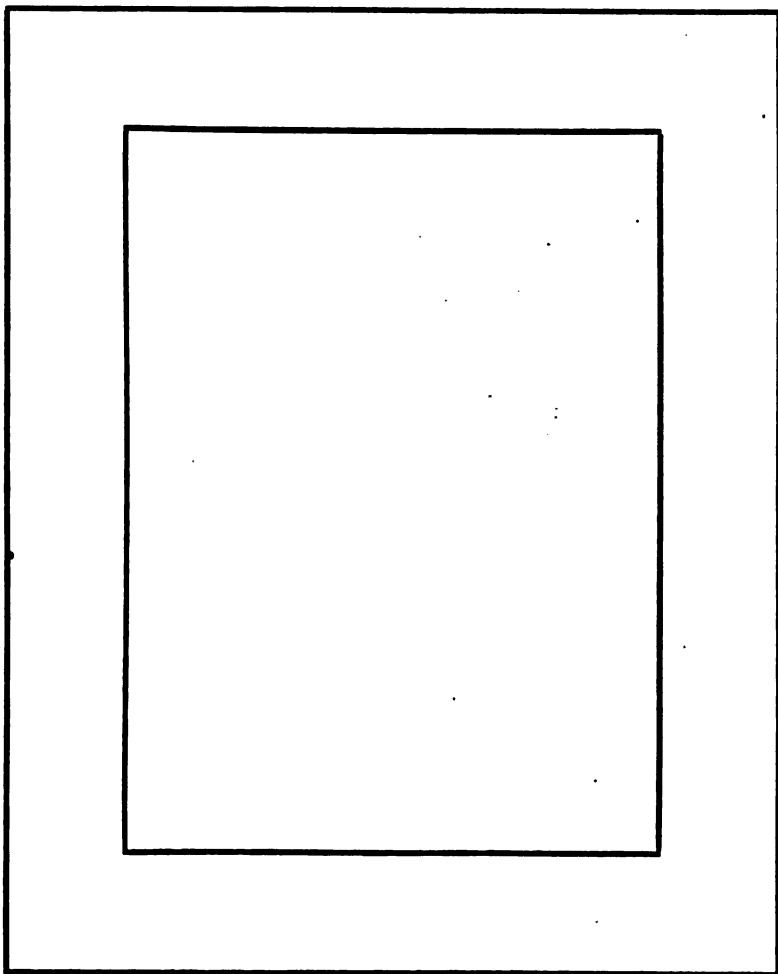
Thus endeth the Entertune of saynt Johan  
the Euangelyst. Imprinted at London  
in fether linc by John Udaley.



**FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

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**¶ Here begynneth the  
enterlude of Johan  
the Euangelyst.**





✠ Saynt Iohan the Euangelyst.

**D**omine ante te omne desiderium meum  
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus  
The swetest lyfe souerayn in this world to som  
Is to haue meditacyon of our lord Iesus  
Verry contemplatyue god / worshypped thus  
Bethynkng in the soule / without any speche  
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs  
Than the prayer of the mouth / the terte dothe teche  
In medytacyon who so hath forfence 10  
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte  
That holpest fruytyn is of so hye intellygence  
As it rauysseth the soule in to a blessed deserte  
It selethe no erthly thyng vnto the tyme it reuerte  
Thus fared Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned  
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experte  
Nor the aungell at the sepulcre / loue to her constrayned  
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon  
For it is myne exercyse expresse  
Who so wyll labour in this / must se his habytacyon 20  
Be solytary in soule / of great quyetnesse  
Therfore euer to the churche I do me dresse  
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in shulde be  
With cryng on Chyrt / and our synnes confesse  
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

✠ Eugenio.

**I** Qui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope  
A thousand foure hundred / and neuer a day lesse  
That hath herde this noble sermon / and thereon doth hope  
A pena et culpa / here I them relese 30  
Is it not pyte suche a pulpet man to lese  
I praye you syr let vs here more of youre pope holynes

A.ii.

Foꝛ me thynke I haue herde you pꝛeche oꝛ this at Poules  
    ✠ Iſidion. (croſſe)

¶ Whome call you pope holpe.

    ✠ Eugenio.

¶ Suche a foole as thou art that clappeſt euer in diuinite

    ✠ Iſidion.

¶ All vertues people to commende is my propertie.

    ✠ Eugenio.

40

¶ Chan is Caton false / and that he endytes  
Foꝛ he ſayth (Nec te collaudas / nec te culpaberis ipſe)  
Great laudacyons loueth theſe hypocrytes  
(Qui ſe colaumat) &c.

No moꝛe to you at this tyme  
But vnderſtande you this latyne.

    ✠ Iſidion.

¶ Ye ſyꝛ I trowe.

    ✠ Eugenio.

50

¶ Reſponde tunic domine doctoꝛ clericorum  
But ſyꝛ knowe you any iuſtes of corum.

    ✠ Iſidion.

¶ Why ſo?

    ✠ Eugenio.

¶ A felowe of myne was take with a Cuculoꝛum  
Foꝛ a cupple hoꝛſes he ſtale in an euengye.

    ✠ Iſidion.

¶ What wolde ye haue me do in that caſe.

    ✠ Eugenio.

60 ¶ Surſum corda foꝛ hym to ſynge  
Ye ſhulde haue well why.

    ✠ Iſidion.

¶ I can not ſynge.

    ✠ Eugenio.

**I** No for ye shulde but make a spyng  
Under a perche / lokyng vp towarde the skye.

✠ Iridision.

**I** Without god be thy frende / y<sup>e</sup> same deth shalt thou dye

✠ Eugenio.

**M**ary I beshewe his herte that so can prophesye.

70

✠ Iridision.

**W**hat is thy name?

✠ Eugenio.

**A** rede.

✠ Iridision.

**E**ugenio I trowe the same.

✠ Eugenio.

**A** for the deupll styrke of thy hede  
Hozeson who taught the so ryght to rede  
I trowe some puell spyryte be within the.

80

✠ Iridision.

**I**n the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called  
I feare thou wylte neuer come to that holy Spone  
That with twelue precyous stones is surely walled  
Full strypte is the waye thyder to gone  
And in to that castell entrynge is none  
Without thou acquaynte the with two porters before  
Hope is the fyrst / and fayne the other one.

✠ Eugenio.

**L**o so gostely he prayeth euermore  
He dare not coughe your conscience is so holy  
But I pray you shewe me before  
Which is the way to yonder castell ye prayse to greatlye.

90

✠ Iridision.

**O**uer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye  
Than to the pathe of pacence shalt thou passe

A.iii.

In to the lande of largenes holde for the laye  
And in the lane of besynesse loke thou not baste  
Than measure in a marthe / a sayre maner haste  
100 Reste there hardely / and abyde all nyght.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ May that I wyll not by this lyght  
But what callest thou this way.

✠ Iridisson.

¶ Via recta / sedyng to lyfe  
So Dauid named it in his daye  
(Spes mea sietit in via recta)

✠ Eugenio.

¶ Passeth all men by this iourneye.

110 ✠ Iridisson.

¶ May / and the more pytie verely I saye.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that waye moste.

✠ Iridisson.

¶ They that be enspyred with the holy goosse  
As innocentes and virgins.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I knowe none suche in all this coste.

✠ Iridisson.

120 ¶ They that goo thyder muste be (Gratia electi)

✠ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

✠ Iridisson.

¶ Yes on the lefte syde another there is  
That is called (Via obliqua et via circularis)

✠ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

✠ Iridisson.

**I** Euen ryght to dethe  
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he flethe.

130

✠ Eugenio.

**I** Syr who gothe that way so yll.

✠ Iridision.

**I** All they that worketh the deuels wyll  
As (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impli ambulantes)

✠ Eugenio.

**I** Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes  
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

✠ Iridision.

**I** Syre scoze and odde I sape.

140

✠ Eugenio.

**I** Than one can not faple where he go by nyghte or daye  
But may a man go to the stewes that waye  
At his pleasure yf he lyst to playe.

✠ Iridision.

**I** It bynges men to the seete of rusfull arape  
The lady of confusoun lyeth therein  
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.

✠ Eugenio.

**I** Whiche way costeth that countray.

150

✠ Iridision.

**I** To an yle in the north I sape  
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)

✠ Eugenio.

**I** That is the fyrst place that men shulde assaye  
Whether it be hedged or walled.

✠ Iridision.

**I** With bowes and trees it is meruaylously paled  
There groweth the elders of enuye  
Staked with pryde full hye

160

And the byeres of bakkytyng with wyath wyethed aboute  
Full of flouthy bushes and lecherous thornes dye  
With glotonous postes / and couetyse rayled throughtoute  
And at mytcheues gate many dothe in ronne.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

✠ Irytdysson.

- ¶ Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth  
Lucyfer that lothly lord that is in bale blysses  
170 There is wo vpon wo / as Christ vs telleth  
All that may dysease and nothyng please / euer restlesse  
There is froste / there is fyre  
Hope is losse and her desyre  
There care hath no recouer  
Without pytie there is payne  
To crye for mercy it is in vayne  
For grace is gone for euer  
(Finit tormentorum suorum  
Ascendit in secula seculorum)  
180 Lo thus hath losse wedded confusyon  
Lucifers doughter dampnacyon  
In hell to haue herptage  
(Septum dominium peccati est mors)

✠ Eugenio.

¶ In sayth that is a knauyshe way to walke  
Nowe a whyle of some mytthe let vs talke  
For I forsake that passage.

✠ Irydison.

- ¶ Nowe farewell fy and haue good daye  
190 For I must goo another waye  
Forget not my reasons sage.

✠ Eugenio.

**¶** What wyll ye goo your way  
 We haue done a fayre iourney to day  
 It is tyme for to be walkyng  
 For I am wery of your talkyng  
 Lo syz he spake full holply  
 But yet I beshewe hym for all his clergy  
 He may well be called witleffe syz wyll  
 For I trowe his trayne is stedfast as a wyndemyl  
 But nowe well remembred by bokes Amromes  
 I wolde haue a playster for all harmes  
 Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes  
 That wolde auoyde all stryues  
 It were to me / administrate nos  
 Et restaurate nos / also comfortate nos  
 We / and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues  
 For cokolde makers hath merper lyues  
 Than they that do all the cosse  
 As to wedde at the churche doze / and there to be swozne 210  
 Perhap her husband shulde haue an hoyme  
 Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was bozne  
 For all the loue is losse  
 Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt  
 And yet women do venter to breke it  
 For though they soules shulde lye in hell pyt  
 They wyll vse that soyr werke  
 And yf they so dye  
 Atropos cometh full sodeynly  
 And oz they beware full slyly  
 He ledeth them downe in the darke  
 The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys  
 And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is  
 All yonge folke remembre this

200

220

B.i.

Intentio iudicat quenquam  
So great delyte thou mayst haue therin  
That afoze god it is deedly synne  
But farewell / yonder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentram.

✠ S. Iohan the Euangelyste.

- 230 ¶ That lord whiche is princypall  
Conferue and kepe this congregacyon  
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall  
After that ye do passe with dethes bysytacyon  
This prince bynge you to that holy nacyon  
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte  
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon  
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte  
I am Iohan / that presently dothe apere  
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon  
240 And of my doctryne yf ye lyst to here  
Whiche can I shewe you of Christes incarnacyon  
And of his passyon / for verely I was there  
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye  
His mother and I stode there vnder  
And I herde whan he cryed Help Help  
And sawe Longes Smyte his herte a sonder  
His lawes to the people wyll I preche  
And all that euer do folowe me in peace  
The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche  
250 There haupng ioye that neuer shall cease  
But nowe the trowe loue that we shulde to god owe  
Whan gyueth it to rycheffe that is mutable  
Full soze they wyll it repente I trowe  
That euer they were of mynde so vnstable

If any man wyl haue rycheſſe goodly  
 I wyl haſtely agayne be here  
 And therof he ſhall haue gladly  
 At all tymes I wyl hym chere  
 My commynge hythere was for youre furtheraunce  
 And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

260

Actio.

¶ Nowe mery myght you be  
 Who was that that called me  
 So erly to daye  
 One reſpyded me with a bolle of water  
 Here was a ſhrede mater  
 Sodaynly one to aſtraye  
 It was ſome knaue my brother  
 Beſhewe hym and none other  
 For that araye

270

I was faſte a ſlepe  
 Tyll I felte the wete  
 Full ſtyll I laye  
 He brake myne olde cuſtome  
 For I wolde haue layne tyll noone  
 And than haue ryſſen to playe  
 But nowe to the purpoſe  
 For by the ſaythe that nowe goſe  
 I loue to goo gaye  
 And with other mennes wyues  
 That be wanton of lyes  
 Ofte do I ronne awaye  
 And where ſo euer I go  
 One good condycion haue I to  
 I vſe neuer trouthe to ſaye  
 Alſo I haue a great diſeaſe yf ye wyl me leue

280

B.ii.

Euen here syz in the bottom of my fleue.

✞ Eugenio.

¶ By god syz and I do laye a playster to your cote  
290 I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

✞ Actio.

¶ Eugenio / fro whence come you.

✞ Eugenio.

¶ Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght now  
He shall haue an offyce.

✞ Actio.

¶ What is that I pray you tell me.

✞ Eugenio.

¶ By my sayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys  
300 Therto ye be appoynted verely.

✞ Actio.

¶ Than the fyrste man that shall be hanged shall thou be  
For I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

✞ Eugenio.

¶ Nay syz / but herke what I shall the say  
Here was one late this same daye  
That dysprayed rycheffe worldly  
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie  
And take hym to wylfull pouerte

310 He shall haue ioy eternally.

✞ Actio.

¶ What was he?

✞ Eugenio.

¶ A doctour as semed me  
He spake as holpy  
As though god had ben his cosyne.

✞ Actio.

¶ He but was he not myxed with hypocrisy.

✞ Eugenie.

**I** No man / he spake so goostly  
He had almoste chaunged my mode  
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode  
And than aske my selfe for charytie.

320

Actio.

**I** Why woldest thou haue brn to wytt  
Hape thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge  
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggynge  
For so wyl not I do yet trust me.

Eugenio.

**I** Syr he promest moste largely  
That I shulde in ioye lyue euer  
Where I shall dye neuer  
Thus also he sayd verely  
That I shulde sele there no yll  
And haue all that I desyre wyl  
And se god in his maiestie  
Also he promest me a greater hye  
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.

330

Actio.

**I** I rede the laye that thought awaye  
For mayst thou not se all daye  
That they that vseth spoite and playe  
Lyue at ease meryly  
They haue moste hertpest reste  
And fareth of the beste  
That thus spendeth theyr lyues in iolyte.

340

Eugenio.

**I** Well than my wytte I wyl renewe  
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe  
If I do it / and afterwarde rewe it  
As to gyue away my good

350

B.iii.

I trowe I shulde it forþynke  
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke  
For that purse that sowneth not trynke  
His mayster weareth a threde bare hode.

Actio.

I Pe ye man / that is trowe in dede  
But let vs go walke a space  
For yuell counsaile hyther wyl spede  
360 That person I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

Eugenio.

I Go we hence than in tyme  
Hastely we wyl come agayne  
For Johan wyl be here by pyyme  
His sermonde wolde I here sayne.

Yuell counsaile.

I By your leaue let me come nere  
What dothe all this company here  
Where after is your gapyng  
370 By oure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farre  
For sythe I came fro Rochester  
I haue spente all my wynnynge  
By our lady I wyl no more goo to Couentry  
For there knaues set me on the pyllery  
And threwe egges at my hede  
So soze that my nose dyd blede  
Of whyte wyne galons thurty  
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell  
I was prentysse with yuell counsell  
380 And so men calleth me  
I hope agayne to go thyder  
If sommer were come and saye wether  
And lyue full merely

I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe  
 Wyllage / towne / cytie / and borowe  
 With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am  
 As yll tongued churles / and many a proude gentyll man  
 That shrewdly roundeth many a pyssell  
 When they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whyssell  
 Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes 390  
 With saye flatteryng wordes and pety knackes  
 Both men and women they bynge to lechery  
 Through me yuell counsaile to lyue in aduoutry  
 In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent  
 Westmynster / saynt Katheryns / and in vnthyftes rent  
 There I rested very lately  
 Nowe sayne wolde I haue a mayster  
 That wolde do by my counsell  
 For though he spende and be a waster  
 To get money I can teache hym the crasse well. 400  
 ♣ Idelnesse.  
 ¶ What art thou tell me that speketh this.  
 ♣ Yuell counsaile.  
 ¶ Wary syr a man that wolde haue a serups  
 Great nede haue I therto.  
 ♣ Idelnesse.  
 ¶ Why what serupce canst thou do.  
 ♣ Yuell counsaile.  
 ¶ Bothe steale and lye / and on your erande go  
 To sette an other mannes wyfe to your hedde. 410  
 ♣ Idelnesse.  
 ¶ If I of suche thynges may be spedde  
 I am gladde that we be met.  
 ♣ Yuell counsaile.  
 ¶ In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyl I hyde for euer  
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

Idelnesse.

I We mo than .xv. by my lyfe  
420 But some other men kepeth them for me.

Iuell counseyll.

I Wary syr no force / it costeth you the lesse money  
But you haue good chere whan you come.

Idelnesse.

I We at meat I am mery / and at bed if I lyke too playe.

Iuell counsaile.

I Chan theyr husbandes be out of the waye  
Or els ye come not there.

Idelnesse.

430 I Yes yes dayly / and make good chere  
And not spyed at all / I haue suche polety.

Iuell counsaile.

I I am gladde that ye be so wytty  
And syr yf you wyl haue a freshe lusty trull  
I wyl get her you / or a huswyfe that can spyn a pounde  
(of woll

Idelnesse.

I Chan wyl we dynke wyne at the full  
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

Iuell counsaile.

440 I I pray you tell me what is she.

Idelnesse.

I An artyfycers wyfe / a pretty woman.

Iuell counsaile.

I Syr I wyl goo to my brother temptation  
And than to wanton youthe I wyl make a stacyon  
For bytwene vs thre  
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Shall I go with you also.

¶ Puell counsaile.

450

¶ He syz and it please you so to do  
Howe say you / haue not they mery lyues  
That may kysse and basse other mennes wyues  
Lo iouthe is full of iolyte  
But whan sawe you your brother sensualyte.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Syz I lefte hym on the playne of Salysbury  
He tolde me that he wolde lyfte  
Some good selowe from his thyppe  
And as I trowe somwhat he wyll gette  
To make with the peny  
Many one for theyr good do labour and swete  
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

460

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ Syz he dyd me a shreude turne as I you tell.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ The laste dave syz I wyfte  
The puttocke that he ware on his fyfte  
Wolde haue trode my henne  
And vp I caught a rottocke  
And hvt hym on the buttocke  
That there laye in a thenne.

470

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ For he had a bell aboute his kne  
And therby yche hym knewe.

C.i.

480 I dyd hym holde in the wynde  
Tyll at the laste he had his mynde  
God gyue hym an yll pewe.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ And what meate dyd thou gyue hym  
Say on hardely.

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ Syre a fayre pece of baken  
And a blacke bolle full of barly.

¶ Idelnesse.

490 ¶ By Iesu this is a gentyll meate for a hauke  
To kepe byrdes thou art very connyng  
Thy thyfste I trowe is layde a sonnyng  
But tell me now where is thy wonnyng.

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ Syr at the stewes is my moste abydyng  
Othertwyle goyng / and somtyme rydyng  
And yf the grounde be stypper and stydyng  
In saythe I fall downe mostelyng.

¶ Idelnesse.

500 ¶ What some pleasure than there areres  
Besydwene your heed bytwene your eeres.

¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ May syr it shall be yours and theirs  
For whan a man hath inowe  
Let hym parte with his neyghbours.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ It is thy destiny I trowe  
For to be cladde all in byeres  
And ryde the hoxe with foure eeres.

510 ¶ Puell counsaile.

¶ May syr not afoze you

Foz I loue yll to walter

I ryde in a saddyll / but ye shall ryde in a halter.

Idelnesse.

¶ In good saythe knaue thou shalte heare me a strype.

Puell counsayle.

¶ And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a ryght.

Idelnesse.

¶ Why smytest thou not / come of.

Puell counsayle.

520

¶ May I trowe ye do but thosse

But I wolde not foz an hundred pounde fyghte with the.

Idelnesse.

¶ Why so tell me.

Puell counsayle.

¶ Foz I neuer fought with man but he deyde

And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.

Idelnesse.

¶ Mary I had leuer thou were tyde

Thou arte as manly as yll cheupnge

530

Thou were a good holde felowe to go a theupnge.

Puell counsayle.

¶ Well let vs go to vnthyftes a whyle hence

And let some other kepe resydence

Foz I dare laye theron .xl. pence

We shall haue a sermon oz nyght.

Idelnesse.

¶ I trowe than he wyll come hyther

That layde fyrst In principio togyther.

Ambo.

540

¶ So we / foz we two wyll go thyder

There as we wyll make mery by this lyght.

Actio.

¶ A fy? I haue ben longe awaye

C.ii.

I sayd I wolde se you by the lyght daye.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ There hath be a sayre araye

Where we to haue be

There was layeng of the lawe

550 And all was not worthe a netwe strawe

So god helpe me.

✠ Actio.

¶ Syr I sawe the wenche that dyde youre necke clawe

That bare in her hande a gay getogawe

She thaught it was lyke a pawe

Of a whytynge

She helde me with a tale of tystemary tally

Tyll my thyrste was gone as quyte as a dally

God wote it is a nyce thynge.

560

✠ Eugenio

¶ Peace man / ye shall here a sermonysacyon

Of the egle that ryseth full hys

¶ If he do here thy exclamacyon

He wyll make the to sye.

✠ Actio.

¶ Not in a strynge I trowe

Peace for he is come nowe.

✠ Johan the Euangelyst.

¶ O men vnkynde / wretched and mortall

570 Herken to this perable that I shall tell.

✠ Eugenio.

¶ The herynge therof gyue you I shall.

✠ Actio.

¶ And I to do by your counsaile yf ye saye well.

✠ Johan the Euangelyst.

¶ Nowe I begynne / gyue good audience

Two men attended ones to a temple to praye  
 They conuersacyon haupnge great difference  
 It was the Pharysien and the publycan I saye  
 Two ensamples by them percepue we maye 580  
 The great pyde of the Pharyse  
 Other mennes fautes he dyspayled aye  
 And his owne counfayle hys vnder false betwe  
 In the publycans prayers there was than  
 A great excellence of mekenesse  
 He dyspyled hymselfe a wretched man  
 Chynkyng eche creature exceded hym in goodenesse  
 His fautes he dyd confesse  
 With great sorowe for his transgressyon  
 And in the pharyses prayer dyd expresse 590  
 Of full pyde and adulatory  
 He prayde not / but prayled hymselfe there  
 Standyng vpryght with a pette face  
 The masse begynneth with Confiteor  
 And endeth with Deo gratias  
 Eyn the reuers he dyd in this case  
 There the masse endeth he beganne proude  
 Makyng no confession of his trespass  
 But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)  
 In than he thanked god he was not to blame 600  
 But in that he thanked hym not with verbe mekenesse  
 The speses of synne he reherced by name  
 In whiche all synnes he comprehended expresse  
 By rauenours is vnderstande couetyse  
 In vnryghtfull to say pyde of hym than  
 In auoutry / all lechery that men can reherce  
 And thus he excused hym selfe / & sclaundred the publycan  
 C.iii.

- I pay my tythes he sayd also  
 And so he dyd / but not of the beste  
 610 In that Tayme he was lyke to  
 For he sythed alway of the worst  
 Twyse in the weke he sayd he dyd faste  
 Fro meate and drynke he dyd / but not fro dedelye synne  
 And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste  
 But therat hypocrytes wyl not begynne  
 Agayne god he synned greuouly  
 In that he iustifyed hym selfe so  
 And his euen Christen sclaundering malyciously  
 (Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)  
 620 (Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so  
 Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde  
 Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so  
 Where Lucyfer is falle for his pryde  
 The gospell sayd / who doth hye hym shall be owe  
 All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you sure  
 And so you cursed men do your cure  
 For by goddes iugement  
 If ye forsake not your synne be you sure  
 You go to hell / wherfore repente.  
 630 **A.** Ambo.  
**C.** I crye god mercy for myne offence  
 My wycked lyfe I do desyre.  
**E.** Eugenio.  
**C.** Also I am sorow of my neglygence  
 Your doctryne I wyl folowe full mekely.  
**S.** Johan the Euangelyste.  
**C.** This sample god sayth vs to  
 That we shulde consyder it wysely  
 Who demeth hym selfe good / is ferre there fro  
 640 And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardly

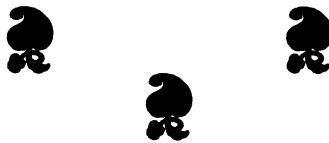
Thynke nowe that youre purpose was sette cursedlye  
 In synne thus to lede lyues wayne  
 Under colour of vertue / demyng your selfe good  
 You and all they that it dothe sustayne  
 Be worlde than the pharysey / mennes lawes are woode  
 Remembre this for the reuerence of hym y dyed on roode  
 And to the lawes of the churche abyde euery man  
 And ye shall be parteners of Chyistes precyous bloode  
 And blessed of god as was the publycan  
 Thus yf ye wyl be stedfaste and trewe  
 Jesu wyl than with his grace you reneue  
 To that lordes blyss ye shall come all a  
 Qui uiuit per infinita seculorum secula.

650

Amen.



✠ Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Iohan  
 the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London  
 in Foster laene by Iohn Walep.



























































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